Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Henries* courſe,
When the blood was ſcarſe waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, When I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy Wife if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee.
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of mine owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pitty thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule thou takeſt thy leaue of it.
Dut, Yor. Go thou to *Richmond* & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good *Angels* guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eighty old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles

King. Stand all a-part. Couſen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcends his throne.*

Thus

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King
But ſhall we were theſe ho
Or ſhall they laſt and we re
Buc. Still liue they, and fo
King. O *Buckingham* no
To try if thou be currant g
Yong *Edward* liues: think
Buc. Say on my gracious
King. Why *Buckingham*,
Buc. Why loe you are my
King. Ha: am I King? t
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſeque
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould li
Couſen thou wert not wo
Shall I be plaine I wiſh th
And I would haue it ſudda
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake
Buc. Your grace may do
King. Tut, tut, thou art al
Say, haue I thy conſent th
Buc. Giue me ſome bree
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake
I will reſolue your grace i
Cat. The King is angry ſe
King. I will conuerſe wit
And vnreſpectiue *Boyes*,
That looke into me with c
Boy, high reaching *Buck*
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not a
Would tempt vnto a cloſe
Boy. My Lord, I know a
Whoſe humble meanes ma
Gold were as good as twe
aud will no doubt tempt h
King. What is his name
Boy. His name my Lord,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arc